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There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature.—CICERO.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1878.

NUMBER 27.

POETRY.

TO MY SON.

[Daniel Webster, at more than one period of
his life dallied with the muses. In 1825 he had
the misfortune to lose a son, three years of age,
named Charles, represented to have possessed
singular attractiveness of mind and character
even at that early age. On that occasion Mr.
Webster inclosed the following effusion in a let
ter to his wife:]

My son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son!
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with my angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken ere those years came o'er me;
My funeral rites thou would'st have seen,
But thou art in thy tomb before me.

Thou rest'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdst;
Thou art my ancestor, my son!
And stand'st in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine—
Thou hast thy predecessor passed;
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss;
And oh! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel, thou art safe in heaven;
No prayer for thee need more be made;
Oh! let thy prayer for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My father! I behold thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son! my father! guide me there.

STORY TELLER.

THE DUMB PAINTER; OR, LOVE THE CONQUEROR.

The warm, glowing afternoon of a
Spanish day was waning to its sunset,
and the dimness of the room where
Marquita was sitting was lighted up
by little flocks of western rays that
came through the lattices and played
upon her white dress and the cool white
of the marble floor. She was sitting
upon a couch of light construction, the
whole being twisted from canes; while
her small feet, with their delicate silken
slippers, were resting upon another
couch of the same material. Around
her swept the waves of her long black
hair, which she was coiling and uncoil
ing alternately; now gathering the
heavy masses into one or two long,
rich braids, and then flinging down the
wreath of tresses, until they covered
her like a bridal veil.

The poor little Spanish maiden was
evidently ill at ease. The elastic lounge,
upon which her slender figure was
supported, swayed and bent with her
nervous movements; and the pet dog
that lay beside her, vainly trying to
lick her hand, seemed astonished that
it would not lie still long enough for
the operation.

"What can I do, Max?" she said,
addressing the dog. "I am a silly lit
tle maiden, and I dread to have it found
out that I am so. Here are my good
father and mother, in whose eyes I
have been all perfection, and who
thought that even this grandiose Don
Carlos was not more than half good
enough for me, will now believe that
the spirit of evil has taken me. Max,
you are a good dog, but I don't be
lieve you have wit enough to get poor
Marquita de Mona out of this diffi
culty."

Max laid his paw upon her arm,
closed and unclosed his eyes, and look
ed as wise as some others might, when
expecting a tale of confidence from a
young damsel; but Marquita's play
ful mood had passed, and she rose and
paced the room with restless steps.

By this time the sun had sunk out
of sight, and the voice of Don Albert
de Mona, calling to his daughter to be
ready for a drive to the Plaza, was
heard as he descended the stairs and
knocked at the door.

"Not to-night, father," she replied;
"I am ill. My head aches terribly—
prayer excuse me. I will remain here
quietly until you and my mother re
turn."

"Well, the afternoon has been sul
try," said her father. "Lie down and
rest while we are absent. Shall I call
your maid?"

"No, father," she replied—"I do not
need her—I shall be better alone."

Better alone! Ah, Donna Marquita,
thy poor father is deceived, but thou
canst not hide it to thyself that it is
only to see the handsome painter of
Logrono, that thou sittest braiding
thy beautiful hair—only to watch him,
as he comes down the street in the
twilight, and as he looks up with eager
glance at the lattice, to throw a moss

rosebud at his feet. Thou knowest,
too, that at that taken he will venture
to enter thy presence, and that his lips
will greet thee as the one dearest to
his heart. Not with words will be
that greeting, but with another lan
guage, always understood—the lan
guage of kisses.

No, not with words—for the painter,
Navarette, is both deaf and dumb!
But there is no need of words for lov
ers. And so it was with these two
lovers; they met and parted, with
only the soul's telegraphic signals,
and they needed no echo from the
lips.

Donna Marquita had been invited
by a friend, some months before, to
visit the studio of Juan Fernandez
Ximenes Navarette, to see a beautiful
painting of the Virgin which he had
recently executed. This young paint
er, who was called El Mudo, from his
misfortune, was rapidly gaining fame;
and this very painting was the great
stepping-stone to public favor. The
excitable Spaniards warmed with en
thusiasm at the beauty of the head,
which was said to have been copied
from that of the artist's mother, Donna
Catalina Ximenes.

Among the many who visited the
studio, were Don Albert and his daugh
ter. The beauty of the painting, the
filial, admiring reverence of the artist
in taking his mother's head as a model,
the "silent world" in which he lived,
all wrought upon the susceptible
imagination of the young girl, and from
thenceforward, El Mudo was as sociated
in all her dreams.

On his part the painter had seen a
vision of beauty such as he thought he
had never before beheld; and yet it
must have been only the sympathetic
and cordial manner of Donna Mara
quita that induced the thought—for,
although she was indeed noble-looking
and with a grace blended with dignity
yet so were many others.

Again and again she came, some
times accompanied by her father, but
oftener alone; and at last the painter
was delighted to find that she could
converse freely with him in the deaf
and dumb alphabet. With what joy
he now related to her his whole life—
its mournful childhood and youth,
when no sound of bird or breeze or
human voice could reach his ear; and
how he used to go wandering for whole
days through picture-galleries, until
the idea seized him that he, too, must
paint; and how that, ever since that
hour, he had lived in a higher and
more exalted sphere, and was no longer
the lonely man, apart from his fel
low-creatures, but that his art was the
one grand link that bound him and
them together.

And what more did Fernandez im
part? He told her, too, that the mo
ment he saw her he felt that she was
to be the connecting one between him
and happiness.

"And yet how—oh, how can I take
you from the living, speaking music of
the world, and bind you to the speech
less silence that ever surrounds me?"
Her trembling fingers telegraphed
to his mind that she sought no higher
destiny. It was enough for the affec
tionate girl that he loved her. She
would give worlds that his lips could
speak; but her love could never be
lessened because they were silent.

How to break the tidings to her pa
rents was now the grand object of her
solitude; and on this very night she
had promised Fernandez that it should
be told them. He came at the twi
light, held a brief interview with her,
and then left her to tell what he felt it
impossible for him to make them com
prehend.

When Don Albert and his wife re
turned, they heard all from the lips of
the trembling girl. Tenderly as they
loved her, they could not give her up
to a fate like this. They entreated her
not to give him any hope; their deci
sion now could never be reversed.
Marquita yielded to their tears what
she could not have done to their com
mands; but the storm in her soul was
no less severe. Her parting with Fer
nandez the next day was a terrible
scene. The sight of his dumb and
powerless anguish was more affecting
than the most impassioned speech.

The only consolation which he could
receive was the solemn assurance of
her continued affection.

They parted—Marquita to go to
her lonely room, which no persuasion
could induce her to leave, and Fernan
dez to the country villa where his
mother lived in quiet grandeur; for it
was not poverty that induced her son
to paint, but to fill the time hanging
so wearily upon a person with his pri
vation.

All the comforts which the mother
could impart to his mute agony was
given; but the wound was deep and
lasting. He had no time, however,
to give to grief, for he was summoned
to Madrid, by Philip II., and appoint
ed painter to the king, with a pension
of two hundred ducats. Here he paint
ed "The Shepherds Announcing the
Birth of Our Savior" and his repre
sentation of them was so very exqui
site, that every one exclaimed, "What
beautiful shepherds!" This exclama
tion afterward became the name of

this painting, it being everywhere
known as "The Beautiful Shepherds."
Still Marquita mourned, in almost
total loneliness, the loss of her lover.
Still did Donna Catalina cherish bit
terness toward her whom she could not
acquaint of coquetry toward her innocent
and unfortunate son. Every one con
cerned in the affair was unhappy. Don
Albert and his wife were miserable,
for although Marquita made no com
plaint, her pale, thin face was a per
petual reproach; and her refusal to go
into company distressed and annoyed
them.

Marquita had heard of the appoint
ment, but she heard also that Fernan
dez had again left Madrid; she did
not know why; but one evening a
cousin brought her a note from Donna
Catalina, couched partly in bitter and
partly in humble terms, informing her
that her son, "whom her cruelty had
nearly destroyed," was lying danger
ously ill, and that she must come and
look upon the wreck she had made. It
closed with a frantic entreaty for her
to come immediately. She showed it
to her father, and he could not resist
the pleading look which she gave him.
A few moments later they were on the
road with a pair of horses that seemed
almost to fly.

The mute appeal of that sorrow
stricken face that lay upon the pillow
almost unmanned Don Albert. He
marked the agony of his daughter,
and the proud, stately grief of Fernan
dez's beautiful mother, and he asked
himself if he could bestow aught upon
either from his wealth that could com
pensate for the anguish of this hour.
One word from him would bring joy
back to all. Should he speak it? Could
he give up his cherished hope of see
ing Marquita the wife of one of the
proud Spanish grandees, and allow
her to marry a painter? Yet every
thing here betokened wealth and the
utmost refinement—almost indeed to
fastidiousness.

He did speak that word. His daugh
ter uttered a glad shriek. Donna
Catalina pressed his hand to her heart
and wept happy tears, and the mute
sufferer himself was not slow to com
prehend the general happiness. They
were soon united, never more to be
separated until death.

No cloud ever came over that per
fect and enduring love. The noble
Spanish wife devoted her time, her
talents, and her affections, wholly to
him she loved, and almost ceased to
regret that she could not hear the voice
when the eyes were so eloquent.

Still did his mother's beautiful and
noble face look out from his canvas,
but Marquita's never. It was in his
heart too deeply to bring it to the
gaze of the world. He kept it there,
shrouded and holy, within the bosom's
innermost depths. In that mute,
unexpressed love, that needs not space
to declare it—the love of the dumb
painter of Logrono.

COLFAX AS A HOTEL CLERK.

Schnyder Colfax, was traveling in
Iowa lately, and arrived at Warren at
3 A. M., and had to wait several hours
for a train. As the guest decided to
remain in the waiting-room till day
light, the landlord not knowing who
Mr. Colfax was, and wanting an hour's
rest, asked the ex-Vice President if he
wouldn't wake the porter at a certain
hour, and also tap the doors of the fe
male "help" and make himself general
ly useful. Mr. Colfax readily assent
ed, and began by polishing the stove,
sweeping the floors, and doing what
any other handy and industrious citi
zen would have done. The porter
was awakened, the girls were rapped
up, and a roaring fire greeted "mine
host," who on rising complimented
Mr. Colfax on his efficiency. When
the train arrived, some one stepped
on the platform and saluted Mr.
Colfax with, "God bless you, Schnyder
Colfax; what in the world are you do
ing here?" The landlord was amazed,
and was just able to ask: "Are you
Schnyder Colfax?" And when the inn
keeper left "you could have played
marbles on his coat-tails."

THE USE OF A LEMON.—A piece of
lemon bound on a corn will relieve it
in a day or two. It should be renewed
night and morning. The free use of
lemon juice and sugar will always
relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before
breakfast every day for a week or two
will prevent that feeling of lassitude
peculiar to the approach of spring.
Perhaps its most valuable property
is its absolute power of detecting any
of the injurious and even dangerous
ingredients entering into the composi
tion of so very many of the cosmetics
and face powders in the market.
Every lady should subject her toilet
powder to this test: Place a teaspoon
ful of the suspected powder in a glass
and add the juice of a lemon. If ef
fervescence takes place it is an infalli
ble proof that the powder is danger
ous, and its use should be avoided, as
it will ultimately injure the skin and
destroy the beauty of the complexion.

—The family of President Hayes
will move to the Soldiers' Home, on
the 15th of July.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.
Humanity is the equity of the heart.
If you act with a view to praise only,
you deserve none.

Socrates being asked the way to hon
est fame, said, "Study to be what you
wish to seem."

Always be as witty as you can with
your parting bow; your last speech is
the one remembered.

The grandest of heroic deeds are
those which are performed within four
walls and in domestic privacy.

A man who strives earnestly and per
severingly to convince others, at least
convinces us that he is convinced him
self.

Be charitable. Never refuse even
an animal a favor. When you see a
mad dog coming along, give him his
little bite before turning away.

There is an emanation from the heart
in genuine hospitality which cannot be
described, but is immediately felt, and
puts the stranger at once at his ease.

Humanity is the peculiar character
istic of great minds; little, vicious
minds abound with anger and revenge,
and are incapable of feeling the exact
pleasure of forgiving their enemies.

If we create imaginary wants, why
do we not create imaginary satisfaction?
It was the happier frenzy of the two to
be like the mad Athenian, who thought
all the ships that came into the harbor
to be his own, than to be still tormenting
ourselves with insatiable desires.

Show me the man you honor; I know
by that symptom, better than any
other, what kind of a man you are
yourself. For you show me there what
your ideal of manhood is, what kind of
a man you long inexpressibly to be.—
Caryle.

Venerate four characters: the san
guine, who has checked volatility and
the rage for pleasure; the choleric,
who has subdued passion and pride;
the phlegmatic, emerged from indolence;
and the melancholic, who has dis
missed avarice, suspicion and asperity.

Never cast aside your friends if by
any possibility you can retain them.
We are the weakest of spendthrifts if
we let one friend drop off through inat
tention, or let one push away another,
or if we hold aloof from one petty jeal
ousy or heedless slight or roughness.

If thou hast wronged thy brother in
thought, reconcile thee to him in
thought; if thou hast offended him in
words, let thy reconciliation be in
words; if thou hast trespassed against
him in deeds, by deeds be reconciled
to him; that reconciliation is most
kindly which is most in kind.

We should always distinguish be
tween taste and fancy. One is a per
ception of manifestation of a principle
in nature, the other a mere predilection
for works of art. One is founded on the
soul as seen through its outward cover
ing, the other contemplates only the
exterior dress. True taste is the love
of the sublime, the beautiful and true.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The terrific combat between Mana
bozho, the Indian hero, better known
as the Hiawatha of Longfellow, and
his father the West Wind, was doubt
less suggested to the first narrator of
that memorable event by the lakes of
Northern New York upon the one
hand, and those of the St. Lawrence
chain upon the other, as marking the
cavities from which those Titans might
be supposed to have plucked the mas
ses of rock they hurled at each other,
the falling fragments of which formed
that peculiar geological phenomenon
known as the Thousand Islands, seat
ed through the St. Lawrence for a
hundred miles or so of its course.

These islands, about eighteen hun
dred in number, stretching through
out that broad portion of the upper
St. Lawrence, extending from Lake
Ontario to the Long Sault, are of all
sizes and of all kinds; some not more
than a yard or so in extent, and some
covering many acres: some bare,
rocky and desolate; some thickly cov
ered with a scraggy growth of shrub
pines and hemlocks; some thickly cov
ered with considerable forests of tim
ber-trees, and some cultivated here and
there, producing such slight suste
nance as the inhabitants can wring from
an unfruitful soil.

In the old Indian days, this beauti
ful extent of the river from Clayton to
Alexandria Bay, embracing an extent
of sixteen miles, widening almost to
a lake and crowded with a perfect mass
of islands, went by the name of Mana
toama, or Garden of the Great Spirit;
and, indeed, in the time of Nature's
undisputed empire, when the larger
islands were covered with thick
growths of pine, hemlock, white birch
and maple; when the wild deer swam
from woody islet to woody islet, and
each little lake-padded bay, nestling in
among the hills and bluffs of the is
lands, teemed with water-fowl undis
turbed by the report of a gun, it was
worthy, to the semi-poetical mind of
the Indian, to be an abode of Him who

created all nature, and who had made
this lovely region as an especial dwell
ing-place for himself. Even so late as
fifty years ago, before the great,
tumult-creating steamboats had dis
turbed these solitudes, the islands
were the favorite retreat of deer; cata
mounts wailed in the tangled depths
of the night-woods, and each cool nook
and corner teemed with wild life.—
Scribner's.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 25, 1878.

Congress is gone, and we are all
glad of it, and let all the people say,
amen! It has come to be the most dan
gerous organization which ever under
took to make laws for a free people.
Made up as the last one was, of ex
confederate officers, hungry Democrats,
and mediocre Republicans, the coun
try may well breathe easier, now it has
gone to the tomb of the Capulets. One
great danger from such a body, is its
ignorance. It does not know its own
functions. The last Congress has
seemed to ignore all distinctions and
departments; has been ambitious to
play the part of the law-making power,
the executive power, the judicial power,
all in one. It wanted to instruct the
executive as to his use of the army;

it wanted to sit as a court of review
upon the action of its predecessor; it
wanted to convert itself into a new
Electoral Commission. If it has not
destroyed our gallant army, if it has
not paid off the rebel war-claims, if it
has not unseated President Hayes, it
has not been from want of modesty,
but from failure to effect its own
schemes. But, nothing but good of
the dead; and a dead body that the
late Congress it would be hard to find.

The weather here has been deligh
tful. Here it is, the last week in June,
and scarcely a night when a man has
not wanted a blanket. It is true, the
farmers hereabouts complain. I was
in Virginia, a week ago, and corn was
not four inches out of the ground. It
has stood there for two months; the
almost incessant rains, which have
left the air so cool, have prevented its
making any headway. But, such fields
of wheat! Never was that crop more
abundant, and it is all ready for the
garner.

A pleasant wedding-party was that
which gathered June 12th, at noon,
in the First Congregational Church,
to see Frank S. Presbrey, lately of the
Republican staff, take to himself as
wife, Miss Emma Cohen, so long the
leading soprano of that church. The
bride couple have just returned from
a short stay at Old Point Comfort.
After a few months in Ohio, with the
bride's relatives, they mean to make
their home in Kansas.

The New York Avenue Presbyterian
Church—the most aristocratic of all
the Presbyterian churches in the city
—has just received a new pastor, Rev.
J. R. Paxton, of Harrisburg, Pa. He
is said to be able, but even more odd
and peculiar than his predecessor,
Rev. Dr. Mitchell, who has gone to
Brooklyn, N. Y. Indeed, in these
days of itching ears, the odd and pe
culiar men are in great demand. It
is smartness that Americans want.
They are ready to listen to blasphem
ies even, from such men as Ingersoll,
provided there is wit in them. It is the
very rock upon which Frenchmen split,
and Americans seem to be losing the
staidness of Mother England, and tak
ing the flippancy of infidel France.
Ridicule is a mighty force, but there
is nothing more fallacious.

Work on the Washington Monu
ment is to be begun at once. Con
gress has authorized \$30,000 of the
appropriation of \$250,000, which is
continued, to be used. This work
will be done under the direction of
Colonel Casey, of the Engineer Corps,
assisted by Captain Davis, Fourteenth
Infantry. It is not probable that
more will be done this season than to
make the foundation so secure that a
doubt cannot be raised as to its stabi
lity hereafter.

The reported memorial services
over Confederate graves, and at South
ern Press Associations, are full of the
old-time bitterness of ante-bellum
years. If the American people are
foolish enough to put the Democratic
party into power, there is no doubt
that hot-headed men will attempt to
secure a rescinding of all the consti
tutional amendments relating to the
war; to undo all that has been done,
and make the treasure and blood ex
pended all in vain. This new policy of
conciliation has produced no sort of
impression upon the South, except to
confirm the people in their notions of
States' rights, and that the negro has
no rights that a white man is bound
to respect. A new crop of young men
are coming to the front there, which
out-herald all the Herods of the Con
federacy.

As invalid, while panting with asth
ma, almost deafened by the notes of a
bawling fellow who was selling oysters
below the window, exclaimed: "The
extravagant rascal has wasted as much
breath as would have served me for a
month!"

CONDENSED NEWS.

—The Washington Insurance build
ing of Providence, R. I., was damaged
\$5,000 by a recent fire.

—A heavy fire occurred at Montreal,
on the 22d inst., the loss caused by
which was estimated at \$100,000.

—President Hayes will attend the
celebration of the Wyoming centen
nial at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 3d and
4th of July.

—During the next fiscal year there
will be but one superintendent of the
railway mail service in the place of two
now serving.

—Twenty-five hogs, eighty geese
and fifty-one goats were arrested by
the police of Stapleton, S. I., on Sun
day, the 22d inst.

—During the first week in May the
number of furnished rooms occupied
in Paris was 120,664; during the week
ending June 22d, 2,227.

—S. Angier Chace, the Fall River,
Mass., defaulter, pleaded guilty, and
was sentenced to twelve years in the
State prison, two years solitary.

—On the morning of the 22d inst.
the house of John Keuleu, at Beanharn
ois, Quebec, was burned, and four
of his children perished in the flames.

—A fire at London, Cedar county,
Ia., on the 24th inst., destroyed nearly
all the business houses, causing a loss
of from seventy-five to one hundred
thousand dollars.

—Class-day exercises at Yale College
began Tuesday morning, the 25th inst.
The Woolsey scholarship for freshman,
third prize, was awarded to Walter R.
Bridgeman, of Syracuse, N. Y.

—The first vessel loaded with ni
trate, from Peru, sailed for Tocopillo,
on the 21st ult. The nitrate grounds
of the district are of vast extent and
have never hitherto been worked.

—At Lowell, Mass., one arm of the
walking-beam of the Corliss engine, at
the Merrimack Print Works, suddenly
broke off, on the 21st inst. No one
was injured. The damage to the ma
chinery was \$5,000.

—Secretary Sherman is reported to
have said that he felt daily encouraged
in the prospects of resumption at an
early date, and that he felt certain that
the Treasury can resume specie pay
ments before Congress meets in De
cember.

—Hon. William E. Dodge and his
wife celebrated their golden wedding
at Tarrytown, N. Y., on the 24th inst.
There were present, seven sons, nine
grandsons and hundreds of friends to
congratulate the aged couple in their
handsome home.

—Two boys started from Rochelle,
Ill., in quest of adventure. They walk
ed along a railroad track, and then,
very tired, they sat down to rest. Very
soon they fell asleep, and one lay with
his head across a rail, so that when a
train came along he was beheaded.

—There are few positions more en
viable than that of the English Judge.
A salary of

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
FORT LEWIS SELLIN, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, Editor, 23 Linden St., Cleveland O.
REV. HENRY WINTER STYLL, Foreign Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
If not paid within six months, 2.50
These prices are for cash. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.
5¢ Terms, cash in advance.

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DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the foreign department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Rev. HENRY WINTER STYLL, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A SUGGESTION.

Now that the right time of year is here, why don't some smart, capable and energetic man, deaf or otherwise, go to New Jersey, call upon the proper parties, and represent what they know only too well, that it is sheer folly to spend some \$25,000, annually, out of the State for the education of the deaf, when there is no good reason why it should not be spent at home? Get them to agree to have the amount, or so much per pupil in attendance, transferred to the new school, at, say Trenton or New Brunswick, steps to start which should at once be begun. Some transfers from those attending other schools, out of the State, will have to be made, of course, but lots of new pupils will swell the ranks. No one knows how many deaf are in any given locality till he starts a school there; the number of never-before-heard-of deaf-mutes that turn up is truly surprising. Let the New Jersey school be small and modest at first. It will show what can be done; it will be the "entering wedge" that Governor McClellan don't see how is got in; it will be there, and then, see if it don't grow!

The idea and plan all along has been too elaborate for success. Why have they, year after year, tried to get a two-hundred-thousand-dollar appropriation to begin a mammoth building at once? No one can blame the average legislator, if, in the absence of any visible nucleus of an institution, he declines to vote away thousands to carry out ideas on paper. All the schools for the deaf, throughout the country, all the stately edifices they compass, all their present benefits, had their origin in small beginnings. Every stable enterprise commences that way, and its growth is in proportion to its success and use. Let no one suppose New Jersey is an exception to this rule.

A VERY EXCITING CHASE.

Mrs. Grace J. Chandler, a deaf-mute of this village, has a pet male canary bird which she has had for several years. Last March she lent her songster to Mrs. Mary Tripp, a friend living at Prattville, two miles east from here. Last Friday Mrs. Tripp took the bird home. Thinking Mrs. Chandler was at our printing-office, where she assists in mailing papers and writing the addresses on the wrappers, she brought it here instead of going to the house at first. Mrs. Chandler not having yet arrived, the cage with the bird was hung upon a hook depending from the wall overhead, and Mrs. Tripp went away to transact business about town. In about an hour she returned, and Mrs. Chandler not yet being present, started with the bird for the house. Before leaving the printing-office she carefully examined the door of the cage and saw that it was shut. Going out on to the walk she had proceeded but a few steps when, by some unknown means, the slide-door became elevated and the "sweet singer" suddenly "lit out," and perched on the limb of a tree in a door-yard adjoining this office. Instantly men, women and children, sympathizing with Mrs. Tripp, were collected, devising all sorts of plans for capturing the fugitive, and nearly all hands in the office went out to offer suggestions and assistance. Presently Mrs. Chandler appeared upon the scene. Noticing the crowd bustling about and gazing heavenward, her vision followed the same direction and chanced to spy a beautiful canary resting on a limb of a tree. Female curiosity led her to inquire, "Whose bird is that?" "Yours," was the reply of one who thought he knew whereof he spoke. "Oh, no, (very decidedly), 'that is not my bird; Mrs. Tripp has my bird at Prattville.' 'Very true, your bird was at Prattville, but she has just brought it home (part way home), and there is your

bird, free as the morning air, happily nestled on that limb." What! Are you sure that is my bird?" "Morally certain." Then the owner of that gay-plumaged, musically-endowed pet canary clasped her hands in despair and again looked upward, exclaiming in tones (gestures) of hopelessness, "That is my pet bird that I have had so long." In the meantime ingenuously was trying to collect her wits, bent on catching that bird. An employee of this office, on the order of less than two hundred men and seven hundred boys, put forth his best efforts towards getting the truant. He succeeded in getting within four feet of it, and put forth his hand; but when he shut it he enclosed nothing; the gay singer had struck another note, and departed to wait it from the top of another tree, that was taller and farther from the loud conversation of the expectant crowd. The borrower of that bird became determined, and the lender more despondent. The bird was followed, and kept its pursuers wailing with sweat while it gayly flitted and hopped from one place to another. Some said, "Shoot it!" others, who had received better lessons in the "olive branch" theory, said, "Put some salt on its tail." Mrs. Tripp drove home with her companions, Mrs. Snyder and child, wife and daughter of Rev. Mr. Snyder, of Prattville, and, after dinner, returned to renew the contest. The bird rusticated in numerous trees lining the streets and shading private residences. The trap plan of hanging a cage with a bird in it by the tree on which the runaway was perched was tried, in hopes that the decoy would prove successful; that the wanderer would, at night, lie to the cage and be easily captured. About 2 p. m., however, bird affairs, to the great joy of all concerned, and the borrower and lender in particular, suddenly assumed a very different shape; for, imbibing a taste for the book and stationery trade, and perhaps desirous to learn telegraphy, the immediate cause of all the anxiety darted through an open door into L. L. Virgil's store, and was very soon caught and returned to its respective cage. We rejoice with Mrs. Chandler on the capture of her (supposed) lost pet canary songster, and express our sympathy for Mrs. Tripp, who, with the excitement of the chase of several hours' duration, was utterly exhausted, and nearly overcome with the blazing heat.

A NEW SUMMER HOTEL.

Grand Opening of the Lake Grove House, July 4th, at Mexico Point, N. Y.

The Lake Grove House is a large, new and elegant Hotel, erected this season, on the east side of Salmon Creek, at Mexico Point, and will be opened to the Public, on the 4th of July 1878, for the accommodation of Picnic Parties and regular Boarders, and will be kept open during the remainder of the warm weather season. This Hotel has three large, nicely-arranged parlors, for the comfort and convenience of its guests, furnished in a tasty and elaborate style, commands an extensive and beautiful view of Lake Ontario, and has good barns attached to it, where plenty of feed and good horse care may be obtained.

This convenient, well-arranged Hotel, with the popular and well-known G. A. Marsden for proprietor, with the advantages derived from eleven years' experience in the hotel business, recommends itself to pleasure parties, callers, and regular boarders; and, having been fitted up at large expense, as a necessity required by the throngs of visitors to Mexico Point, the proprietor solicits a liberal share of patronage from the public, who will receive prompt attention to their wants, and be treated in the most gentlemanly and lady-like manner.

The hotel is situated in a delightful Grove, adding romance to comfort, and the proprietor has on hand a Steam-Yacht, Row-Boats and Sail-Boats, all of the First-Class, which can be hired at very reasonable figures.

Good sample rooms attached.
Warm meals at all hours.
Price of single meals 25 cents; regular board furnished with price to suit the times. Tables supplied with all the substantial and luxuries.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JULY 7th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 7th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis XXXVII.
2d Lesson—Acts XI.
English Lectionary.
1st Lesson—1st Samuel II, 1-27.
2d Lesson—Acts XIII, v. 26.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 7th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLII.
2d Lesson—2nd Timothy III and IV, 1-9.
English Lectionary.
1st Lesson—1st Samuel III or IV, 1-19.
2d Lesson—Matthew II.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Trinity.

INDIGESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and to keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

The Remizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Remizer.

The next session of the school at the Ohio Institution begins September 18th.

During the last year there was no fatal case of sickness at the Ohio Institution.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. W. Hamilton, recently married, are living in Fentonville, Mich.

Prof. Thos. J. Trist, of the Pennsylvania Institution, is summing in Northampton, Mass.

Miss Trask, of the Illinois Institution, is spending her vacation at her former home, Hartford, Conn.

ROAST CORN and ripe potatoes have recently been on the dinner-table of the Texas Institution.

JOSIEFA Tschudy, who graduated from the Wisconsin Institution, in 1873, is a practical shoemaker, and lives at New Glarus, Wis.

The closing exercises of the Kentucky Institution were held on the 15th inst., and on the following day the scholars started homeward.

The Gazette closed volume 4th, with its edition of June 22d, and entered upon its vacation. The next number will be issued September 7th, 1878.

DELON A. Simpson, recently graduated at the National College, has been spending several days at Cleveland, O., the guest of Rev. A. W. Mann.

CLARA FRANCES, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grimm, was baptized by Rev. A. W. Mann, at St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., June 25th.

The new board of visitors of the Virginia Institution has re-elected all the old officers and teachers of that institution, by a unanimous vote.

GEORGE MILLIGAN and George WAIT, sons of teachers at the Illinois Institution, have taken their guns and gone to the woods to spend a few weeks.

Miss Kate Millikan, of the Ohio Institution, will spend her vacation in Europe, and Mr. Ruffington will spend his among the hills of Jamaica, L. I.

REV. DR. GALLAND expects to be in St. Louis Sunday, August 25th, and in Chicago Sunday, September 1st. Mrs. Galland expects to accompany him.

A FULL programme of special services by Rev. Dr. Galland and Rev. A. W. Mann, at the West, will soon be ready for publication in the JOURNAL and Advertiser.

The usual vacation offer is made by the Chronicle to the pupils of the Ohio Institution: Fifty cents each for all new subscribers and twenty-five cents each for all renewals.

AMONG those present at the game between the Independents, of Columbus, O., and the Forest City Base-Ball Club, of Cleveland, O., were several teachers of the Ohio Institution.

CHRISTIANA F. Schenck, one of the early pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution, between the years 1826 and 1830, is living at Shelby, O., where the Rev. A. W. Mann recently met her.

Governor Holliday has announced his appointment of the new board of visitors for the Virginia Institution. He retained four of the old members, and appointed three new ones.

Twenty pupils were regularly and honorably discharged from the West Virginia Institution at its last session, with diplomas, and thirty-two medals were distributed among the pupils.

We are happy to learn that Mr. E. H. Currier, of the New York Institution, who has for so many times taken care of the homeward-bound pupils, will, before these lines are in type, have taken to himself a lovely bride.

THE famous Mrs. Jenks, of Potter investigation notoriety, it seems, has a friend, also called through the committee, who is deaf. He lost his hearing during the war, by a rifle shot through the head, while serving in the Confederate ranks.

LARS LARSON, one of the JOURNAL's correspondents in Wisconsin, is of opinion that the spicy little sheet published at that institution should be named The Silent Press, instead of the Deaf-Mute Press, as "brutality is the son of wit," and it is a much more convenient term.

The closing exercises of the Illinois Institution took place on the 12th of June. Eighteen pupils graduated from the school. The exercises were held in the institution chapel, which was filled to overflowing with people, delighted with the manner in which the pupils acquitted themselves.

We trust that Governor McClellan, of New Jersey, in his recent visit to the New York Institution, found cogent reasons for the establishment of an institution in New Jersey. The wonder has always been, and is still increasing, that that little State don't make greater haste in this matter.

The Chronicle corrects the error of the press that the Ohio State printing is, hereafter, to be done at the deaf-mute institution. The whole of the State binding is done at that institution, and has been for the past ten years. Almost eighty of the pupils assist in the shop, but they do not do the whole of the work.

The westward-bound pupils of the New York Institution passed through Rome Friday morning, June 28th, at 5:37. Principal Nelson and Professors Chamberlain, Knight and Seliney, and Miss Roe, teachers, together with some of the larger pupils of the Central New York Institution, were at the depot to see them.

STEPHEN Sinclair, a young graduate of the New York Institution, who is an expert swimmer and diver, was, on Thursday, June 27th, engaged by a gentleman in the West End Hotel, New York, to dive and search the water around the dock at Fort Washington, looking for some trace of his sister, who had a day or two before mysteriously disappeared. He was successful in bringing up a parcel and hat, which were identified as belonging to her. The expert swimmer was rewarded with twenty-five dollars for his trouble. The next day several of the city papers had long articles in their columns about it.

ROBERT J. Martling, of Portchester, N. Y., writes us an account of some strange freaks of lightning substantially as follows: On the 12th of June, while Stephen A. Blakely, a deaf-mute, was at work sharpening tools, the lightning played some queer antics in the stone quarry of John Voorhis, at Greenwich, Conn., where Mr. Blakely is employed. Mr. Blakely was thrown some distance by the concussion, but soon recovered his consciousness. A yoke of oxen and a span of horses were knocked over, a cart upset, and other capers cut by the forked tongue of the electric current, but, strange to say, no person or beast received any material injuries.

At the commencement exercises of the Virginia Institution, prizes were distributed as follows: To boys working in the carpenter shop, 1; shoe shop, 1; tailor shop, 1; printing office, 1; paint shop, 1; mattress shop, 1; broom shop, 1; sewing room, 1; fancy work, 1; in the school department of the blind, 9; in the deaf-mute department of the school, 15; gold medals for excellence both in studies and deportment, in the blind department, 2; in the deaf-mute department, 2; diplomas awarded to those pupils who have completed the allotted course of study and have obtained three-fourths of the full value at both the intermediate and final examinations, on all the subjects embraced in the last year's course, in the deaf-mute department, 3.

Rev. F. J. Clero, D. D., rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in this place, has placed us under obligations for a late copy of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, published at Mexico, Oswego County, N. Y., by Henry C. Rider, editor and proprietor, who is also a deaf-mute. In glancing over this copy we are constrained to admit that the matter, make up and press work of the paper is quite surprising, and is much superior to many of the newspapers throughout the country edited and published by men endowed with all of nature's faculties, except possibly, in some cases, a lack of brains and common sense. It certainly is deserving of success, as it is one of the direct mediums in advocating that which more immediately interests this unfortunate class of our fellow beings. We notice the JOURNAL has attained the age of six years and a half, and from reports, circulates not only in its county, but finds its way over the United States and Canada. It has also readers among those who can hear and speak, as well as deaf-mutes. Dr. Clero has always manifested a warm interest in the deaf-mutes and frequently preaches to them in the sign language, in which art he is quite an adept. —Philadelphia, Pa., Journal, June 29, 1878.

The Utica Herald, speaking of the closing exercises of the grammar school at Clinton, Oneida county, says: "Mr. Smith, who, on the 5th inst., won the first prize, was the last speaker of the evening (valedictory). Had any prizes been given this evening (June 14th), he certainly would have received the highest, as he was the best speaker on the entire programme. He is a natural, graceful speaker, and his gestures were faultless." Mr. Gilbert M. Smith is, as we were last week informed by our Clinton correspondent, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Smith, deaf-mutes, of Jonesville, N. Y., and he has received the appointment to contest as a prize orator and essayist at the Inter-Academic Literary Union of the State of New York, at Albany, July 9th to 12th. We understand that he received a prize from the Clinton Grammar School, consisting of five volumes of Macaulay's History of England, a very valuable prize. Mr. Clinton expects to enter Hamilton College at Clinton next fall. We congratulate our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, on the remarkable attainments of their devoted son, and bespeak for him great success in capturing a prize from so many of the picked scholars of the other academies in the State, who will soon contest in Albany.

A deaf-mute of Cincinnati, O., who was under indictment for burglary, when brought into court for arraignment, played the fool to perfection, by not answering the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" by showing a paper with a request for alms. He will probably learn that Ohio judges are not to be bamboozled by his nonsense. The account reads like this: "Wade Harris, a deaf and dumb man, who was indicted for committing a burglary upon the premises of Buehling's Bank, was before Judge Longworth, on Saturday, for arraignment under the indictment. 'The indictment was read to him as the law provides, although he did not hear a word. He was permitted to read the document himself, in order that he might know the charge against him. When given to understand that he must answer whether he was guilty or not guilty, he pulled an old greasy pocket-book out of his pocket and took from it a piece of paper, on which was written a request for alms. The court did not regard this as a plea under any of the criminal forms, and held that the prisoner, by not pleading at all, must be taken to have pleaded not guilty.' The prisoner was furnished an attorney to defend him, and was remanded for trial." —Cincinnati Gazette.

The Daily Statesman of Columbus, O., dated June 24th, says: Prof. Job Turner, for thirty-five years a teacher of deaf-mutes in the institution at Staunton, Va., arrived in the city last Saturday evening, and is a guest of Superintendent Fay. Although the winters of nearly three-score years have fallen upon his head, yet his rapid gait, his fine physique, and personal attractions make him really appear much younger than he is. Though deaf and dumb, yet he is a very intelligent gentleman, far superior than one meets with among his class. His facility for relating reminiscences is very active and entertaining, especially when he tells his friends to accounts of the early deaf-mute teachers of this country. At present Professor Turner is employed as a missionary deaf-mute, under Dr. Galland, and has carried on his work for the past seven months, from Maine to Texas, arriving here from the latter place. During his travels he has met with more than 1,500 deaf-mutes, and has visited from twenty to forty institutions. He expects to continue in his missionary work the balance of his life. From here he proposes to go to Indianapolis to-morrow, and from thence to Chicago. During the summer he will prosecute his work in New England and Canada, and in the winter go south again, and attend to the same duties. Yesterday in the afternoon he lectured in the chapel of the institution, which was highly interesting throughout and enjoyed by those who witnessed it.

LEVI VINCENT, of Richland, but formerly of this town, met with a very serious accident at Pulaski, on the 25th ult. The locomotive of a train on the Syracuse Northern Railroad came in collision with his team, killing both of the horses, tearing the wagon to atoms, and inflicting various and serious injuries upon Mr. Vincent. It was at first supposed that the unfortunate man was killed outright, and he was taken up for dead, as supposed. He soon, however, exhibited symptoms of life, and everything possible was done to alleviate the sufferer's agony. Farther examination showed that one of his feet was crushed to jelly, and he was also hurt in his head and sustained otherwise internal injuries. On the 28th inst. his leg was amputated below the knee by Dr. Caldwell, assisted by Drs. Leonard, of Camden, and A. S. Low. Being 70 years old, the recovery of the patient is considered very doubtful. It is said that the horses became badly frightened and, Mr. Vincent being unable to control them, ran on to the track just as the train was passing, with the results already stated. It is claimed by some that the train was running at a high rate of speed.

As ice disappears under a July sun, so fat disappears under the use of Allan's Anti-Fat. Those having used less tried other remedies are readily reduced from two to five pounds per week by this great remedy for corpulence. Sold by druggists.

MARRIED.

At St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., June 26th, by Rev. A. W. Mann, Joseph Hallifax, of Jackson, Mich., and Miss Alice Holmes, of Utes, Mich., both graduates of the Michigan Institution. No cards.

Local Paragraphs.

John Halliday has returned to the West.

We have lately had a few days of sweating weather.

F. H. Peck, of Hamilton College, is at home spending vacation.

The interior of the Empire Hotel is being painted, papered and frescoed.

Ed. Omans, of the State Normal School at Oswego, is stopping in town.

Fred French, of Amherst College, has come home to spend his vacation.

Carl Stone, who lately graduated from Hamilton College, is at home in this village.

Miss Adelle Miller, of Syracuse University, is spending vacation at her home in this village.

Miss Gertrude Stone, who has been attending a female seminary in Brooklyn, lately returned to her home in this village.

L. H. Conklin has been appointed District Deputy Grand Master, F. and A. M., for the nineteenth district of this State.

A. N. Benedict's nice, comfortable new house in Railroad street is finished, and he moved his goods and family into it last week.

Prof. W. C. H. Syke, first violinist of Hinton's orchestra of Syracuse, is organizing a class in this village, to be instructed in the art of violin music.

The arrangements for the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1878, have been perfected, and our citizens, besides many from abroad, will probably enjoy the day largely.

Rev. Mr. Foster, recently rector of St. James's (Episcopal) Church at Pulaski, has received a call from the Episcopal church at Newark, N. Y., and has removed to that village.

We are pleased to see Thomas Temple is able to be out again, with a cane only to help him along, and congratulate him on his very speedy recovery from his late accident.

The Mission Band of the Presbyterian Church gave a Pine-apple Festival at Mayo Hall, last Friday evening, which was a fine affair, well attended, netting a good sum of money.

Mrs. Vincent and child, wife and child of Rev. James Vincent, of Vermont, and formerly pastor of the Universalist Church in this village, is in town, visiting her parents, and a large number of her friends.

The church strawberry and ice-cream festival at Daysville, a few evenings since, was a success, and, we are told, netted the sum of about \$30. The Helicon Band, of this village, attended, and furnished the music for the occasion.

Professor Gutstadt, of Syracuse, who taught dancing to a class in this village, last spring, will teach dancing and conduct the socials at the Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay, during the summer, commencing this week.

G. A. Marsden, of Mexico Point, opens his beautiful and commodious summer hotel there on the 4th of July. It will be a very convenient and desirable resort for pleasure-seekers visiting Mexico Point, and Mr. Marsden's charges will be found very reasonable.

The funeral services of the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox were attended from their residence at 2 p. m., Wednesday, June 26th, and conducted by Rev. Dr. Cross, rector of Grace (Episcopal) Church. The afflicted family has this community's sympathy.

Theodore Webb, who has been clerking for L. L. Virgil for the past two or three years, has received the appointment of station and ticket agent at the Mexico depot, and took possession last Monday morning. Congratulations are in order—and cigars too, perhaps.

George Webb, who has for some time had charge of the railroad depot at this place, has resigned, and, last Saturday night, left for New York, where he is, on a liberal salary, engaged as a telegraph operator. George is acknowledged to be a first-class operator, and we compliment him on his good fortune.

A Sunday-school concert was given at the M. E. Church last Sunday evening, under the direction of Mr. Lewis Miller, the superintendent. Rev. W. F. Hemenway, pastor of the church, offered prayer, after which the exercises were continued, consisting of recitations of "golden texts," speaking pieces, singing, and music from the organ, questions in scripture, and their answers, and the reading of several well-written essays. The exercises were very profitable and highly interesting.

The Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company owns some fast (iron) horses, and one of them has lately had her speed tested, judging from what the Watertown Times says in relation to a recent run made on the road: The fastest time ever made on the R. W. & O. R. R., south of this city, was made the night before last by the regular train. It ran from Rome to Watertown, a distance of 72 miles, making all the stops, in two hours and four minutes. Asa Rowell, engineer on the "Comstock," was the man who did it.

Mr. Truman Goodell, of Lam's Corners, who has been unwell for a long time, and confined to the house by severe sickness for the past two or three months, died last Friday morning, and his funeral services were held at the Universalist Church in this village, on Monday afternoon, July 1st. His remains were interred in Primitive Cemetery. Mr. Goodell was a kind hus-

band, an indulgent father, a social and obliging neighbor, a man of many friends and an upright citizen. A wife, and a daughter, an only child, and other near relatives, mourn over their loss. The sympathy of the community, to which they are entitled, is extended to them.

A Watertown paper says: Rev. M. D. Kinney and family will leave their home at Lowville Tuesday for an overland trip with their ponies to Oswego and Syracuse, for a visit among their relatives and friends, to recuperate from the effects of the exhausting cares and labors attendant upon the recent sickness and death of their son. In the journey they will also take in Adams, Pulaski, Mexico and Fulton.

[Rev. M. D. Kinney referred to above was formerly pastor of the M. E. Church in this village, and he and his family have many warm friends in this locality. They passed through here last week on their journey, and made calls upon several of their old friends in this village.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

THE ART OF PROLONGING LIFE.

People generally desire long life and good health. Sickness and premature death are almost always due to violations of the laws that govern our physical being, and of which the masses are ignorant. If men knew better they would do better; but how can they avoid an evil that they know not of? While efforts are made through the public schools to give each child a so-called common English education, yet the children are permitted to grow up and enter upon the responsible duties of active life, profoundly ignorant of the structure of their own bodies, and the laws of physical being upon which their health and lives depend. They are sent to school and crammed with arithmetic, grammar, and geography, by teachers who, in many instances, have never studied physiology and hygiene. They are taught to locate the mountains and trace the rivers of foreign countries, but are never taught to locate the vital organs and glands of their own bodies, or trace the veins, arteries, and nerves, in their various ramifications. They are instructed in the flow of the tides, and the course of the ocean currents, and the philosophy of winds and storms; but they have no correct conception of the relative effects upon their health of breathing pure or impure air, nor has their attention ever been called to the importance of keeping their bodies clean and healthy by regular bathing. The criminality of such neglect in teaching becomes apparent when we consider that the masses, ignorantly violating the laws of health, bring upon themselves sickness, suffering and death, that might otherwise be avoided. In this condition of things we welcome into being any work that is calculated to impart to the masses a knowledge of the structure of their own bodies, the laws of health, and the importance of observing those laws. We find Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser to be just such a work. It is physiological and pathological, and the major part of it should be converted into a text-book for the use of common schools. Its careful study will enable the healthy to preserve their health, and the sickly to regain health. Every parent should read it, and as their children become of proper age, instruct them in the all-important truths it contains. Were this done, much suffering and premature death would be prevented, and many a youth saved from a life of shame and licentiousness. The book contains nearly one thousand pages, is profusely illustrated with colored plates and wood-engravings, and can be had by addressing R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Price, post-paid, \$1.50. —United Brethren Aid Journal.

TICKETS FOR THE BASE-BALL PLAY.

Tickets for admission to the match game of ball between the Alerts, of this village, and the Pick-ups, of Colosse, to be played Thursday, July 4th, on the Fair grounds in this village, may be had at the following places: L. L. Virgil's book store; E. L. Huntington's drug store; at the Reading-room over Ballard's grocery. Price of tickets, 10 cents.

W. H. PRUYNE, Sec'y.

A DEAF-MUTE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

MRS. WERTHEIMER MISSING—THOROUGHLY SEARCHING THE FORT WASHINGTON NEIGHBORHOOD.

(New York Sun of June 28th.)

The woods on Fort Washington, between the North and Harlem rivers, were searched through and through yesterday morning by bands of men and boys, eager to find some trace of Mrs. Henrietta Wertheimer. A few hundred yards south of the West End Hotel, from which she wandered on Tuesday, is the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Police Captain Steers enlisted the sympathy of many of the lads at school there, who have been accustomed on holidays to roam through the thickets like rabbits. Wednesday was their commencement day, but yesterday they went out in force, being stimulated by the reward of \$100, offered by Mr. Morris Wertheimer, the husband. They were re-enforced by boys from the Union Home School and the Juvenile Asylum. Boys and men searched without much order or plan, with the exception of what was observed by the police force.

As the morning wore on, the interest deepened. The neighborhood is thinly populated, but scattered here and there, partly hidden in the woods,

are the residences of many well-known and wealthy citizens. Among these are the villas of Charles O'Connor and of James Gordon Bennett. From the Kingsbridge road to the crumbling earthworks that yet remain of Fort Washington on the steep North river bank is a foot-path little traveled, except by an occasional tourist, called Haven's lane. Eastwardly it leads through dense pine and hemlock shade and occasional patches of sunshine, toward the Harlem river. This path Mrs. Wertheimer is known to have taken.

All the attendants in the hotel speak in terms of affection and regret of the "poor lady." She was pale, and had lately been melancholy. Looking down from the high hotel piazza on the North river, she had remarked that it was "so beautiful down there."

This has made most of them think that she has drowned herself in a fit of melancholy resulting from the excessive care and anxiety she had recently expended on one of her children, who was sick for five weeks with typhoid fever. The mother watched with it night and day, and when it grew better it was found that her own health had been undermined.

It cannot be learned that there was any special cause that led her to quit the hotel on Tuesday morning. She had just dismissed her children for a walk with the maid. When she walked out of the hotel she had on a black silk dress and a black chip bonnet, trimmed with gold braid and with solferino-colored roses. She wore diamond earrings, the gold setting of which had a black enamelled border. In her belt was an open-faced gold watch, and she carried a silk parasol with a mother-of-pearl handle and a gold top. On her hand was her wedding ring, and another set with a diamond. The neighborhood has not been noted for crime, but the lane leads across the Hudson River Railroad, and it has been suggested that Mrs. Wertheimer's ornaments may have tempted the cupidity of a passing tramp.

At 11 o'clock she was seen near Felix Schoder's Hotel, on the Kingsbridge road, walking up and down the high bank of the Harlem river. She had gone thither through Haven's lane. In the afternoon William Murray and a Mrs. Reilly saw, returning through the lane, a woman whom, from the description given of Mrs. Wertheimer, they judged to be her. Nobody has been found who claims to have seen her since. Capt. Steers put little faith in the story that she had returned through the lane, and only yesterday morning gave his personal attention to the dragging of the Harlem river at the place where Mrs. Wertheimer had been seen pacing the banks. While he was doing so, however, about 11 o'clock work was brought him from the West End Hotel that the hat and parasol of the missing woman had been found close by the shore of the North river, a few hundred yards north of the hotel.

Stephen Sinclair, who graduated on Wednesday from the course of instruction provided in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, taking the highest prize for scholarship, was among the most eager in the search through the woods for the missing woman. He is twenty-two years old, and fond of athletic sports. Several times he has swam across the North river, which is very broad at this point. Even on the day he graduated he found time to spend in the search. He is very active, and yesterday he greatly encouraged his speechless comrades to thoroughness in the task they had undertaken. A person walking westward in Haven's lane may cross the deep Hudson River Railroad cutting on a narrow wooden bridge. Then the

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

LAFAYETTE, Ill., June 11, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am at present spending a part of my vacation at the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. White. The change of scenery and climate is very enchanting. I am at present breathing pure and invigorating air, and eating strawberries and cream, and, in a word, everything wholesome that is beneficial to health. Thinking that the friends of Mrs. White would like to hear from her through the columns of your valuable paper, I venture to send you some MS.

Mr. and Mrs. White live in Lafayette, Ill., and have a finely-cultivated farm of 153 acres. They live only one-fourth of a mile from the depot, thus being afforded good opportunities for trade and market. Mr. White takes pardonable pride in saying that he worked very hard to make the farm what it now is. It was a prairie when given to him 39 years ago; it is now finely hedged all around. At a glance the casual observer would exclaim, oh! what a fine farm, and, when told it belongs to a deaf-mute, he is led to farther comments.

Mr. White was educated at the Jacksonville Institution, and Mrs. White, nee Miss Easton, was instructed at the New York Institution. I am sure many of the readers of the JOURNAL will be pleased to learn that Mrs. White is so pleasantly situated. They have a family of five very promising children to make their home a blessed indeed. The oldest, a young man, is married and engaged in farming, thirty miles from his parents. The next oldest is a beautiful and accomplished lady who is soon to leave the old homestead, and make happy the heart and home of one worthy of her.

Mr. and Mrs. White propose to celebrate their silver wedding, on the 23d of November, 1878. I am sure their many friends will take advantage of the occasion and come to see their old friends.

Farming in the West is not so hard as that in the East, so I say to all tillers of the soil, "Come West." "Come West young man."

I shall be in the West all summer, and probably stay a year, if nothing happens at my Salisbury home to call me away.

H. M. DUNNING.

MAINE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Let us all, muties, yell with delight. Here is the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission! Now we have got it, etc.

In the Mission the light of truth and Christianity glitters on our thoughts, and the lamp of knowledge shines. We should love the flower of the meeting and not break up the Mission, because they do very useful to call deaf-mutes, to come and listen to what is preached from the Word of God, as if to most earnestly warn them against all kinds of evil, until ignorance is enlightened. Let us ask God to send His angels to come and surround us, happy, repentant sinners, very lovingly, in order to protect us from the stronghold of Satan, who will flee as a coward. Those coming to church should be sure that they are well rewarded. It keeps down temptations, unclouds the mind, and keeps it free, clear, and wise. Rejoice! rejoice! you happy deaf-mutes when you see the Mission victorious over Satan. Come and look steadily to Christ, so that you may be filled with nobleness of soul and with the grace of God. We, muties, should never allow Satan to steal the light of Christian knowledge out of our heads, which is preached to us at church, but, with Christ, we should say to Satan, "get thee behind me."

Strike out Satan! Stop him from tempting the muties, and, by pointing the finger, bid his subtlety cease. It would be as easy to resist ten thousand temptations of the evil one as to stop thinking of nothing. We should never allow him to walk with us, as he is universally known as an infamous liar. If he were a man that we could see, I would draw a revolver and dash out his brains; but he is an evil spirit which we cannot see. Now we must continually keep victorious over him till death.

I did not know till the latter part of last March that Mr. Rowe, our deaf-mute missionary, sent me word to come to Bangor to attend his church services that he conducts. While my attention was called to that written invitation, Satan whispered to me that it was too far for me to walk, to attend church; but, with the quickness of lightning, I resolved to go to the house of God. I walked there, nine miles, and heard, with the eye, the preacher. He seemed to draw me from the first, and in a short time my habits became good. I have been to the Mission each month, and am now enjoying better feelings than I have for a number of years. If I should neglect going to the place of divine worship Sabbath days would not belong to me, but now I wish to keep victorious over Satan, for Christ's sake, by going to church regularly.

To go to church is better than to stay at home, when the weather is favorable, as God wishes all people to receive His holy teachings there, and to keep victorious over the fallen angel. Deaf-mute sinner follow, come up to the Mission! You can repent. Make a resolution, and be forever free! I will never slight the sinner as long as I live; he needs sympathy and is worthy of it.

I wish that every deaf-mute would get converted before the gates of heaven are closed forever.

Owing to the rain storm all day today, the muties, who proposed coming to the "Queen City," viz., Bangor, to attend church, did not come.

Mr. Rowe, our preacher, is still doing a good work. He immersed some muties some time ago.

Let the Mission prosper as long as we live. God bless the Mission. We wish it a success.

Respectfully yours,
BYRON A. BROWN, Manager.
West Wintport, June 23, 1878.

A LETTER FROM J. E. TUTTLE.

ROCKFORD, Ill., June 24, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—There is plenty of news yet. Rockford is an excellent city for business. It is the best place for deaf-mutes.

Our mute folks are quite well. We now have splendid weather. Our business is not hard up, but all right.

I was in Lodi, Ill., a few weeks ago, and met an uneducated deaf-mute lady named Elizabeth Thompson. Her father keeps a whiskey saloon. She is 20 years old.

Mr. Bowdish, aged 63, graduated from the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn. About twenty years ago he lived in Oregon, where he owned a nice furniture shop, which he sold for \$200. He has gone to Willimantic, Conn., and has bought another shop. Messrs. John Campbell and J. Haight are farmers. They are both muties, and live in Oregon, Wis.

Mr. Valentine, a lawyer of Chicago, went to Monroe, Wis., a few weeks ago. He knows some muties there who are doing well.

Rev. Thomas C. Lotho is a nice Methodist preacher, who lives in Janesville, Wis. He left Delevan, Wis., three years ago. He was a good teacher in the Wisconsin Institution. He likes all intelligent muties. His sign-making is very nice.

Mr. Lafayette Beers is a deaf-mute, and is a bracket maker. He is a native of Sweden.

There are some nice deaf-mutes in Janesville, Wis. Mr. Hutson, a deaf-mute, lives there and works in a Cooper shop.

Mr. Van Valen used to live in Janesville. He lost his property in Michigan last year, and he and his family moved to Iowa, where he has a splendid farm. Himself and wife are both muties.

Mr. Graham, a mute, lived in Janesville, last year, but he has gone to Iowa.

Mr. A. Gardner is a mute, and a shoemaker. He lives in Waterman, Ill., and three years ago he bought a good shop for \$300. He graduated from the New York Institution, and from the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C. He is a nice, kind man, and is 30 years old.

Miss Jennie Buchanan, a semi-mute lady, lives with her parents in Pan Pan, Ill. I never saw her, but I would be pleased to.

Mr. S. Gray, a mute, and a rich farmer, lived in Steward, Ill., but he has gone to Kansas.

My friend C. L. Buchan is a member of the fire company, of Rockford, and is also a member of the Young People's Literary Association. He is a semi-mute, and has a good voice. He is a splendid cabinet-maker.

I received a letter and a few samples of deaf-mute alphabet cards from Mr. Cullingworth, of Philadelphia, Pa., a few days ago. He offers to sell me more, cheap, but I do not use them. He had better give them to his friends.

I received a letter from J. H. Winslow, of Potsdam, N. Y., a few weeks ago. He says he works in a bracket shop, and he will not walk on the track again.

We will have our nice mute picnic here, on the 4th of July. We will enjoy a nice time.

Miss Kelbourg and her brother came to Rockford, from Jacksonville, last week. Miss Kelbourg graduated from the Illinois Institution. She thinks of taking drawing lessons. Their father has gone on a tour to Europe.

Miss Clara Musgrave, a semi-mute Jewess, of Terre Haute, Ind., went to England, last week.

Two weeks ago I received a letter from the editor of the Kansas Star. He says he has not got many subscribers for the Star.

J. E. TUTTLE.

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER IN OHIO.

OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, COLUMBUS, O., JUNE 24, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I bade adieu to Flint last Saturday afternoon at 1:30, and at 11 p. m. became the guest of this noble institution, the energetic superintendent of which had kindly sent a carriage to the depot to bring me to his State home. A very warm and cordial reception did I meet with from him the next morning. He said he had had a sore eye for several days, but that it was getting well. I was surprised and pleased to meet with students here from the deaf-mute college at Washington city, whom I had the pleasure of seeing last winter while on my way south.

Permit me to tell you, not for vanity, that I had a very fine audience in the chapel yesterday afternoon. After my service two of the students made short addresses. The chapel is truly well adapted for the use of deaf-mute pupils.

I will give a faithful description of this institution. It has 24 teachers, 15 of whom are ladies, and almost 425 pupils are being educated here; but they will nearly all disappear from here day after tomorrow, for vacation.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Plumb Park, the oldest teacher, and Mrs. Hubbel, a widow, in this institution, for the first time in thirty years. I would most gladly write more, but, as time presses me hard, I must beg you to excuse brevity. I go to Indianapolis to-night or to-morrow night, and thence to Cincinnati, Friday, to officiate on Sunday, June 30. Then I shall jump into Kentucky, to see the deaf and dumb institution, at Danville.

Yours sincerely, JOB TURNER.

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 20, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—As our school is approaching the end of its session, I will write some incidents in reference to our institutions. Last Tuesday, at noon, at the Second Presbyterian Church, Twenty-first and Walnut streets in this city, Mr. Amos Lewellyn Pettengill, one of our teachers, who teaches the female pupils, was married to Miss Emma V. Stevenson, our former second assistant matron, the oldest daughter of Mr. David J. Stevenson, our kind steward, by Rev. Elias Beadle, assisted by Rev. John H. Pettengill, the father of the groom, who is also one of our teachers, instructing the male pupils. This newly-married gentleman has an uncle, the brother of his father, teaching males, who is one of the most experienced of our teachers. The newly-married couple left the city last Tuesday afternoon, for New York, and they are going on a wedding-trip, during their honeymoon, for about six weeks. Mr. Pettengill will not resume his duties till next fall. It is hoped that they will have a happy time together.

Mrs. Pettengill (formerly Miss Stevenson), resigned her position last week. Miss Lydia Edgar, our drawing-teacher, gave Mr. Pettengill a portrait of himself, (a good likeness), painted by her.

On Saturday afternoon, the 1st inst., four boys of this institution went to the Delaware River to fish, each saying that he would try to beat the others; but, on account of the storm and rain, they had fishermen's luck, and there was no boasting about their exploits in the art of angling. Last Saturday afternoon two classes of boys were invited to visit the Permanent Exhibition, and they enjoyed themselves there very much.

Our vacation will begin on the 26th of June, and we are making preparations for it. Twenty-one male pupils will graduate.

Yesterday, you know, was the time for the commencement of the vacation at the National Deaf-Mute College. Mr. Jerome T. Elwell, one of the students of that college, who recently passed the examination for the senior class next fall, paid us a visit this morning.

FAREWELL.

BANQUET AT FABER'S.

Last Saturday was the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the patriot and educator of the German deaf and dumb, Samuel Heinicke. Friday was the day for the unveiling of a bust of Mr. Heinicke in Germany; but as the German deaf-mutes of New York had no opportunity to celebrate the unveiling on that day, they fixed the time for Saturday. Previously a collection of a hundred dollars was under way, and the required sum was realized and placed in the hands of Mr. Jacques Loew, who admitted that the sum had been forwarded by him to the Trustees of the bust, in Germany, but whether the "same has the same" effect is not yet to be decided personally by the writer.

Samuel Heinicke was the first person who taught the German system of education; and, to honor him, his children made a banquet at Faber's Hotel, 186 East 2d street, New York. There were about fifty German deaf-mutes present. The hour for the opening was delayed a little on account of the non-appearance of some of the most influential guests. At about nine o'clock all seemed to be present, and the banquet was opened by Mr. Leopold Loewenstein, the President, who delivered a very interesting address on the life and works of Samuel Heinicke. At the back of the speaker was a portrait of Samuel Heinicke, drawn for the occasion by Mr. Henry Koehler, a deaf-mute, who is a fair landscape, portrait, marine, figure, and decorative painter. The picture was striking, and was draped on both sides by the American and German emblems. After Mr. Loewenstein's address, Mr. G. Fersenheim spoke briefly and was followed by the declaration of Mr. Jacques Loew, who was repeatedly called upon to address the meeting. Mr. Fitzgerald, the "Indigo Chief" of the Manhattan Literary Association, congratulated the Germans on their success. John Witschick spoke on the "Health of Germany," and gave, as it is his rule, a few very interesting points in regard to her educational system. He was followed by Mr. Theo. Froehlich, who gave the most striking illustrations, and spoke, as far as his memory would permit, on the life and welfare of Samuel Heinicke, and his works. Mr. Albert S. Guggenheimer followed. He said the German system of education had enabled him to improve faster and farther than the system carried out at the New York Institution. Mr. J. Heinzman, the Secretary, followed in the wake of Mr. Guggenheimer, but excused himself from making a lengthy address. The addresses were applauded, and received a vote of thanks. Mr. Ballin was asked to speak, but he declined, on the ground of being unprepared. W. A. Bond also made some remarks.

At about eleven o'clock a sumptuous supper was served, all doing it justice.

Messrs. Heinzman and Leo Loewenstein deserve great credit for their success in the difficult undertaking of making the evening an enjoyable one; an evening which passed without a cross word to mar the enjoyment.

After supper ice-cream was heartily indulged in, and then came cigars, and "jelly from the keg."

About 12 o'clock the guests began to leave, but some remained through the night. From observations made, it can justly and fairly be said that the evening passed off much more pleasantly than was expected. As you may lack the space to give a very long account of the banquet, I will conclude by saying that Messrs. M. Heyman, J. Knox, E. Basch, L. Loewenstein, A. Ballin, J. Nebel, —Stein, F. Schmidt, A. Kadigaelm, H. Juhring, C. Haar, J. Weinberger, and many others, whose names I have forgotten, were present, in addition to the speakers above named. Hoping all will be satisfied with this short report, Yours respectfully,

M. VON GORTSCHAKOFF.
New York, June 20, 1878.

CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE MICHIGAN INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind closed a very successful term, on the 20th of June, 1878. The attendance of visitors was unusually large. The exercises commenced at 2:30 p. m. The following is the programme:

- PAIR I.
Prayer.
1. Music—The Skies Resound.....Beethoven.
Choir.
2. Sign Recitation—The Foundling.
Rosa Keene and Choir.
3. Recitation—The Old North Room.....Mrs. Henry.
Rose Morgan.
4. Quartette—Dancing over the waves.....C. A. White.
Rose Morgan, Jennie Reid Jerome Annis and Ralph Perry.
5. Articulation.
6. Sign Recitation—Excelsior.....Longfellow.
Poly Mary.
7. Music—Solo—Vocal Mazurka.....Marion.
Ida Stebbins.
8. Pantomime—The Old Man and the Bad Boy.
Stanley Lipiginski.
PAIR II.
9. Essay—Oliver Cromwell.....Original.
Ralph Perry.
10. Father Come Home—Song.
Rosa Keene and Choir.
Pantomime—Effie Hitchcock, Sarah Sly, Rhoda Burger, Grace Chamberlain and Preston Perry.
11. Slate Exercises.
By the First Class—Division A.
12. Music—Instrumental Duet, Overture to Poet and Peasant.....Supper.
Jerome Annis and Jennie Dusenbury.
13. Presentation of Diplomas.
14. Music—Hunting Chorus.....C. M. Von Webber.
Choir.

"The Foundling," a sign recitation, was beautifully rendered by Miss Rosa Plotts; the translation for the visitors was by Prof. J. W. Parker.

Next followed the articulation class, under the instruction of Miss McGann, which was highly praised.

Longfellow's "Excelsior," a sign recitation, was very beautifully given by Miss Polly Marcy.

"The Old Man and the Bad Boy," an excellent pantomime, was given by a little boy, "Uncle Sam," Stanley Lipiginski, and was applauded.

"Father Come Home," was a sign recitation by Miss Effie Hitchcock, the chorus by three ladies and one gentleman, and while they were in motion the same song was, indeed, beautifully played by Rosa Keene and sung by the choir. Every one paid particular attention to the graceful and beautiful manner and signs of Miss Effie Hitchcock.

"Slate Exercises," by the First Class, Division A, were wonderful and highly praised.

This was followed by the presentation of Diplomas and Certificates. The following are the names of the graduating class:

- BLIND PUPILS.
Jerome D. Annis.....Flint, Genesee Co.
William Ballin.....Three Oaks, Berrien Co.
John Morgan.....Saginaw City, Saginaw Co.
Ralph J. Perry.....Detroit, Lapeer Co.
Philip Snyder.....Union City, Branch Co.
Phoebe Topler.....Jackson, Jackson Co.
DEAF-MUTE PUPILS.
James Francis Alexander.....Oshkosh, Kalamazoo Co.
Rhoda A. Burger.....Crawford, Isabella Co.
Grace A. Chamberlain.....Three Oaks, Berrien Co.
Effie A. Hitchcock.....Flint, Genesee Co.
James Henry Hull.....Port Huron, St. Clair Co.
Lottie Keck.....Marquette, Calhoun Co.
Polly B. Marcy.....Lee's Corners, Midland Co.
Charles Marshall.....Battle Creek, Calhoun Co.
James T. Matthews.....New Haven Center, Gratiot Co.
Preston S. Perry.....Detroit, Wayne Co.
Sarah A. Sly.....Plymouth, Wayne Co.

Just before the close of the exercises, a story was kindly told by Prof. Job Turner, which was loudly applauded, and brief addresses were made by Hon. H. S. Tarbell, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Prof. John W. Swiler, of the Illinois Institution; Dr. Palmer, Principal of the Belleville Institution, and Hon. Henry W. Lord, of Detroit.

Among the guests of the Michigan Institution, the past week, we noticed Rev. Job Turner, well known in the United States, and Dr. Palmer, of the Ontario Institution at Belleville. Prof. Job Turner is a man of excellent and generous character, sagacity and force, and shows himself a very capable missionary for the deaf-mutes. He is about sixty years of age, but is rather lively and witty. Everybody here likes him very much. Mr. Turner is the "right man in the right place." He went to Columbus last Saturday noon, and said he would come and make us a longer visit, next spring or summer.

The following teachers will stay here during the vacation: Profs. Willis Hubbard and John J. Buchanan. Prof. Thomas L. Brown is visiting his father and friends in the East. He will resume his duties here next September.

Truly yours,
C. C. C.
Flint, Mich., June 23, 1878.

—Of the thirty-seven graduates from Atlanta University, all but two will become preachers or teachers.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL, DISBANDMENT OF PUPILS, &c.

New York, June 28, 1878.

Wednesday, the 26th of June, witnessed the successful close of another academic year at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. And now the busy brains and bodies of those who labored to make it a success are dispersed to their homes, resting from their labors.

The morning of the eventful day dawned cool and fair. The High Class boys set the ball rolling early in the morning by taking their boat, the "Evangeline," from the briny bosom of the Hudson, and fetching her up the bluff to the institution where she was stowed out of harm's way. Then the boys refreshed themselves by a bath in the river.

At nine o'clock all were assembled in the chapel, where the arrangements were made for the afternoon exercises, and the names of those who were to graduate, to be re-appointed, or to receive diplomas, were announced to the pupils. At 11 the pupils dined.

About noon the guests began to drop in, and an hour later, when the special train from down town arrived, it added hundreds of guests to other hundreds who had already come. They first partook of a tasteful lunch spread for them in the large dining-room, then went into the chapel.

Before the exercises began the chapel was overflowing, and many had to stay in the reception room, as they could not possibly get in. We have not had such a crowd for many years, and I should judge there were about 800 present.

The decoration of the chapel was very fine. It was done by members of the graduating class, under the direction of Mr. Richard Welch, one of their number. On the wall above the platform were the words, in gilt lettering:

"The ears of the deaf shall be opened, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

The exercises were opened by prayer. Then Dr. Peet made some remarks, and next the exhibition of the pupils began.

First the graduating members of the High Class wrote addresses of welcome to the audience, on the large slates. When read they were much applauded. While they were writing, Miss Ella Dillingham recited a part of Longfellow's "Evangeline," in signs, with her usual grace.

Next, the first part of the instruction of the deaf and dumb was illustrated by six little boys of Mr. Van Tassel's class, none of whom had been at the institution more than one term, and many only a few months. They did very well. Among them was a little boy who had been at the institution only a week, and had been under instruction only three days. When the examination took place he knew simply nothing at all, but since then he has learned the names of twelve different objects, and can easily distinguish them by their written names.

The next thing was the exhibition of Cato and Clinton, the deaf, dumb and blind boys, and McComick, the armless boy; but, as I have already described the methods by which they were taught, there is no need for farther particularizing.

Next, Miss Caddie Felver, one of Mr. Currier's pupils, recited *ad libitum*, Bryant's Psalm of Life, with a clear and distinct pronunciation and correct intonation.

Here General McClelland, the Governor of New Jersey, took the platform and addressed the audience. He was very much pleased with what he saw, and spoke encouraging words to the pupils. What gave him especial pleasure was the fine progress shown by some members of the graduating class who were from his State. Being governor, it was natural for him to take a fatherly interest in them, and he shook hands heartily with Mr. Cottman, who is one of them.

Six selected members of the High Class then took their places at the slates, and invited the audience to try them with questions. They were soon occupied answering the responses they got, and that the audience might not have to wait till they had finished, Miss Florence Woods recited, in graceful pantomime, Bryant's "Forest Hymn." Her's was emphatically the perfect poetry of motion, and I doubt if music ever gave the ear as much pleasure as those graceful signs gave the eye. Here is an extract:

"And from the grey old trunk that high in heaven mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound Of the invisible breath that swayed at once, All their green tops stole over him and bowed His spirit with the thought of boundless power And inaccessible majesty."

Miss Florence Jones also recited part of Byron's poem, "The Sea," from Child Harold. It was very well executed, and the audience appreciated it very much, as was shown by the applause.

The report of the examination of the High Class was then read by Rev. E. W. Donald, its examiner, and, as a whole, it was a decided success.

Hon. Neil Gilmore, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, then took the floor and made a short and appropriate speech. Then the report of the general examination of the pupils was read, and the diplomas and prizes were distributed.

Isabella Leghorn, Richard Herrick, Jennie Boughton, John H. Dobbs, Hannah Kevitt, Michael McFaul, Elizabeth Noble, Henry Stinglee, Clara Rosch, John Hogan, Annie Kennedy, James Nash and Abraham Bissett, who had completed their full term of eight years, as State pupils, were re-selected, for three years in the High Class.

The Cary Testimonial was awarded to Jennie Boughton.

The Stoner Testimonial, for the best congenital deaf-mute graduate of the High Class, was awarded to John Charles Cottman, of New Jersey.

The special prize—a gold pen—for general excellence in all the studies of the High Class, and particularly in natural science, was awarded to Stephen Sinclair.

Three prizes were awarded for drawing: One to Hannala Kwitt, for excellence in Pastille Painting; one to Waldo C. Childs, for black and white Crayon Drawing; and one to Annie C. DeCoster, for Industrial Drawing.

The following graduates of the High Class received the highest diplomas in the power of the institution to bestow: John Charles Cottman, Nye Brown, Stephen Sinclair, Eli Brearley, Richard Welch, and Elizabeth A. Barry.

Six little girls repeated the Lord's Prayer, in concert, and the exercises were closed with the benediction.

In the evening the pupils met in the girls' sitting-room, to have a farewell chat.

On Thursday morning the pupils were paroled off according to the routes they were to take to reach their homes. At 3 p. m. the first company, bound for Albany by steamboat, left the institution, in care of Mr. F. D. Clarke. Your correspondent accompanied them to the steamboat and saw them off. He asked one of the young girls what she would do through the long night journey. "Oh," she said, "I will have lots of fun talking, better than ever you will." At 5 o'clock p. m. another company, bound for home via the Erie Railroad, left in charge of Mr. Clarence D. Little, who, although not now an officer of the institution, kindly took charge of them. At 8 p. m. the last detachment, in care of Mr. E. H. Currier, left us. They went by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

Last Friday, June 21st, the match race between Michael McFaul and Wm. A. Emmons came off as announced. In the first heat McFaul, by a splendid start, took the lead and held it to the close, though he was scarcely a yard ahead of Emmons at its finish. The time was 10 3-5 seconds. Emmons had no good running shoes to wear, while McFaul had a pair of the best, so Emmons borrowed a pair of one of the boys, and with them on his feet started on the second heat. But they were so tight that they curled his feet in before he had gone three yards; so he had to give up, and McFaul ran over the course at his leisure. McFaul was awarded the prize, a pair of running shoes.

The result did not satisfy the young sporting men present, the race having been run on such unfair terms. Accordingly they raised a purse and bought a medal for another match, in which Emmons was to have a good pair of running shoes. This match came off Tuesday evening, the 25th. McFaul won the first heat in 10 1-2 seconds, with a lead of about 6 yards. Emmons won the second heat, in 10 1-4 seconds, leading McFaul by about 10 yards.

There was intense excitement when the third and deciding heat was called. More than a dozen false starts were made, but at last they got off, McFaul, as usual, having slightly the better start, which advantage he held to the end, though his antagonist was but 2 feet behind him when he reached the tape. Time, 10 1-4 seconds. This match was really a magnificent one, and the time extraordinarily fast. There are not half a dozen runners in America that could make a mile in 10 1-4 seconds, Emmons' best time. The last heat particularly, was a magnificent struggle.

Friday evening, June 21st, the graduating class planted their ivy. This has grown to be an established custom, being first inaugurated by the class of 75. Mr. Nye Brown was the orator of the occasion, and Miss Elizabeth Barry the one selected by her classmates to perform the delicate and unresponsible task. Dr. Peet addressed them with a few appropriate remarks, in the course of which he gave them some sound advice, and then closed the ceremonies with a prayer. That evening the class had a social party of its own. *Ad recore.*

J. H. EDDY.

Of What They are Composed.

It appears by inquiring of the leading members of the different Massachusetts societies of deaf-mutes that the regular attendants thereof stand about as follows:

Boston, Congregationalists, 14; Baptists, 10; Methodists, 8; Episcopalian, 6; Unitarians, 2; Universalists, 1. Salem, Congregationalists, 2; Baptists, 9; Episcopalian, 3.

Lowell, Congregationalists, 5; Baptists, 4; Methodists, 1; Episcopalian, 2.

Full River, Methodists, 4; Quakers, 4. Newburyport, Congregationalists, 3; Methodists, 4; Unitarians, 1.

Worcester, Congregationalists, 4; Baptists, 3; Episcopalian, 2.

RECAPITULATION.

Congregationalists, 28; Baptists, 26; Methodists, 17; Episcopalian, 13; Unitarians, 3; Quakers, 4.

In addition to the above there is Lawrence, which has several attendants who express no choice. REPORTER.

New Bedford, Mass., June 27, 1878.

MALARIAL FEVER.

MALARIAL FEVERS, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always. See "Proverbs" in other column.

THE DUMB TAUGHT TO SPEAK.

Wonderful success in teaching, and surprising acquisitions of one afflicted with deafness from the cradle. Leonard W. Hodgman, son of Mayor Hodgman, taught to speak and to understand the conversation of others by giving him a scientific knowledge of the organs of speech. His surprising progress in study.

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Advance, June 22.)

EDITOR ADVANCE:—By an invitation from Master Leonard W. Hodgman, son of our worthy Mayor, Jesse Hodgman, Esq., I called at the father's residence, this morning, to witness his examination in the several branches of knowledge which he has been pursuing the past year under the instruction of a private teacher.

Perhaps many of your readers are aware that Master Hodgman is entirely deaf. I was informed by his parents that he lost his hearing at nine months of age, in consequence of an attack of spotted fever.

Some four or five years ago Mr. J. Hodgman sent his son to Fairbault to our State Deaf and Dumb Institution, where, if I remember rightly, he remained three years, receiving all the ordinary advantages of that institution, suited to a lad of his age; and during which time he made very commendable progress, for one so young, in the course there pursued.

Some two years ago, his parents, having become convinced that there was a better way to educate mute children than the ordinary one of the sign language, determined to employ a private tutor for their only child, and make the attempt to teach him to articulate words orally; and thus to secure the use of his organs of speech as the means of conveying his thoughts and ideas to others, instead of by arbitrary symbols.

The examination of this morning exhibited how well the expectations of Mr. Hodgman have been realized in the experiment

ODD NOTES.

The colored Methodists in North Carolina contemplate the erection of a State college.

Peter Cooper says his simple rules of business have been to avoid debt and idleness.

The Gospel of peace is not complete in itself. It requires a good Christian war occasionally to spread it.—*Pica-gune.*

The American Publishing Company, of Hartford, has paid Mark Twain \$175,000 as his commission on the sale of his books.

He set him down on the steps—that had been newly painted—and when he riz to travel home—that gal of hiz—she fainted.

Twins have occurred fifty-six times in Ohio within the past year, so great is the demand for Ohio men.—*New Haven Register.*

One hundred and sixty-nine newspapers and periodicals are now published in Texas, and yet there is not a paper mill in the State.

No man can guess my plans. No man knows my plans. I have never told anybody. Because I have no plans.—*General Butler.*

A young student of political economy writes an article beginning, "Why is the times hard?" We know, but we promised not to tell.—*Hawkeye.*

When Miss Thursby is to sing in public in the evening, she refrains from conversation all the afternoon, and takes two hours' sleep immediately before appearing.

A subscriber wrote to a journal to make inquiries about the next world's fair. The wicked editor replied that he was under the impression that the next world wouldn't have any fair.

Circus agents never post bills on cemetery fences for fear the buried people will all demand deadhead tickets.—*Pic. Oh.* Well, its cemetery whether they do or not.—*Boston Post.*

A Nevada man whose wife asked him to take her to the circus, boldly answered: "I've lost four wives already, and you're the fifth, and afore them circus fellows get here I'm going to chain you up."

A boy with a patch on his knee can't be hired to go on an errand to the next house, but he will follow a band wagon all over town, and never realize that he ain't dressed in broadcloth.—*Free Press.*

A young lady who is doing the Alps, reports progress to her guardian: "I tried yesterday to climb the Matterhorn; didn't near reach the top. It is absurd—everything is in this country—please send me \$—"

An English writer says: "White hair is so becoming to the face that many women are never pretty till they are old—the long reign of hair powder which lasted through a century is an immortal tribute to the beauty of old age."

"They say," remarked the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, at the Clinton (Iowa) colored church, last Sunday, "that Beecher has knocked the bottom out of hell. But its all the worse brethren—all the worse, for hell is only made so much deeper."

Her point of view. Shooked parent—Lily, my dear! Do you consider cigarette smoking a proper habit for a deprecious young lady? Daughter of Emancipated Ideas—No, papa dear, if I thought it was, I'd shoot it. (Papa is much relieved.)—*Puck.*

The New York Mail asks, "Is Christianity on the decline in this country?" Not at all. We have the promise of as many church strawberry festivals this season as in any former year. No, Christianity is not on the decline. It does not even decline twenty-five cents for five cents' worth of berries.—*Norristown Herald.*

Papers that can't afford to employ Paris Exposition correspondents this year, can bridge over the difficulty by republishing the Centennial letters, making a change here and there, and introducing a French word now and then. Where there's a will there's a way to keep abreast of the times.—*Norristown Herald.*

James Gordon Bennett has settled down at Melton Mowbray, and he and his sister recently gave a grand ball at Melton, which is said to have been extensively attended by country squires in top boots and ladies who "ride with the hounds." It is rumored that Miss Bennett has been engaged to a young Irish peer, Lord Rossmore.

Stutters are compelled to take life easily, whether they will or no. Two men thus afflicted were at work at a forge. The iron was red hot and placed on the anvil, when the first one said: "John, s-s-strike it hard." The other answered: "Jim, wh-wh-where shall I hit it?" "No m-m-matter now, its got co-co-cold," was the reply, and the bar was put in the forge again.

The last resting place of Gen. Sam. Houston is in Huntsville. The grave is marked by a marble monument, with the following inscription: "Gen. Sam. Houston, born March 2, 1793, died July 25, 1863." The grave is enclosed by a light picket fence, which is fast falling to decay. A visitor has truthfully written on beholding the condition of the grave, "It is a shame for the State of Texas."

"Having in my youth severe notions of piety," says a Persian writer, "I used to arise in the night watches to meditate, pray, and read the Koran. One night, fully occupied with these practices, my father, a man of practical piety, awoke. 'Behold,' said I, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone awake to receive God.' 'Son of my soul,' answered he, 'it is better to sleep, than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

Wit and Humor.

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Douglas Jerrold once went to a party at which Professor Pepper had assembled his friends, and said to his host on entering the room, "My dear Pepper, how glad you must be to see your friends mustered."

HE KNEW HE WAS WRONG.—The intelligent compositor was setting up an article (contributed), when he came across the following passage: "Elvira," he cried, in a passionate voice, "Elvira, fly with me!"

"Antino," she sobbed, smiling through her tears, "I will. Blame me if I don't."

At that moment a tall figure stepped between them, and the sullen voice of Hugo de Grubbs was heard:

"Avant slight girl! And as for you base minion."

The intelligent compositor had just got as far as this when an illegitimate idea was born to him, and with the remark: "The howling ignoramus! Why, minion wasn't invented until 1654, and this is a story of the middle ages," he changed the passage so that it read:

"Avant, slight girl! And as for you, base brevier—"

The foreman shot him with a shooting-stick. The sad event cast a gloom over the community.

SHE GOT MAD.—A tall woman with a sharp nose was raking up a yard on Masonic street, Rockland, one day last week. She had her dress tucked up, a ridiculous handkerchief tied over her head, and looked like a fright generally. A cross-eyed man dressed in a suit of light clothes came up the street and noticed the woman, leered over the fence and remarked:

"How sweet is the rosy-posy."

"Eh! what's that?" exclaimed the tall woman, looking up.

"How charming appears the lovely popsy-wopsy with its dress tucked up," replied the cross-eyed man.

"Who are you talking to, any way?" said the tall woman in great surprise, and turning red in the face.

"And would my sweet cherry-blossom set the wicked police on her lovely-povey."

"Clear out, you overgrown windmill or I'll claw you with this rake."

"Would my pinky-winky claw her darling tooty-pootsy with a kerwell rake?" he continued; "I never thought—"

Here the tall woman threw down her rake in a great passion, and rushed into the house.

"What dreadful tempers some women have," observed the cross-eyed man.

THE WESTERN NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF WHAT IT IS DOING—CLOSE OF SPRING TERM.

(From the Rochester Express, June 22, 1878.)

Among all the educational institutions which have been holding closing exercises during the past few days none, perhaps, have attracted less attention in proportion to their merits than the "Institute for Deaf-Mutes" located in this city. Yesterday (Friday) was the last day of the spring term, and with the previous day, was occupied principally in exhibiting to visitors the really wonderful degree of education the teachers in the school have been able to impart to the unfortunate persons of whose interests nature has been so unkindly.

The school was established a year ago last October. The buildings first used are at 70 and 72 South St. Paul street, where the school opened with 23 pupils, which number was increased to 62 before the close of the first year. The present spring these buildings were found inadequate to hold the number, now augmented to 96, who wished to avail themselves of the training of the Institute, and the Truett Home, 263 North St. Paul street, was leased of the city. These 96 pupils are about equally divided between the two buildings, and are cared for by Z. F. Westervelt principal and 7 under teachers, whose names are as follows: Miss Hamilton (special teacher of articulation), Mr. E. P. Hart, Miss Ely, Miss Kellogg, Miss Thompson, Miss Crosby and Mr. Howard.

The symbols used in teaching audible speech are known as the Bell characters, and as used by Miss Hamilton they prove remarkably effective, some of those who have been longest in the institution speaking with surprising ease and fluency. They can carry on a conversation by watching the speaker's lips without much, if any inconvenience. We have not space to give this institution the extended mention it deserves and will only add a few names of the pupils who have made the most progress: Rose Halpen is considered the best pupil in the school—she is however a semi-mute—that is, she lost her hearing at 10 or 11. Her age is now 16. The best pupil who never had her hearing is Taylor Getzinger. His age is 16. Lucien Frissel is a boy of 15 who has had the advantages of the school for only 1 1/2 years, but who speaks quite plainly. Earl Wilson, Fanny Allen and others are also deserving of mention. To the teachers who are doing this work so well too much credit cannot be awarded. As our readers probably know, the school is a part of the public system and free to all. In the fall the managers propose to have a public exhibition of what has been done, at one of the large halls in the city, when all can see for themselves.

Domestic Economy.

Keeping Out the Flies.

Every housekeeper knows what a nuisance flies are in summer. Two weapons are powerful against them—cleanliness and darkness. Therefore the dining-room should be kept dark between meals, and care should be taken to sweep every crumb from table and floor. But it will not do simply to shut up the room, shutting up the flies in it. Close every window and door but one, and through that drive the flies out. This is not so hard as it may seem on paper, and practice makes perfect here as in all else. We have known a housekeeper who was so expert that she had only to wave her broom and the flies dutifully swarmed out as they saw the standard raised in air. Fly nets for the windows are comfortable appendages for living and sleeping rooms. Bought ready-made they are somewhat expensive; made at home they cost only a trifle. Have the carpenter—or if some one in the family knows how to handle tools, let him—make a frame of inch-wide lath, fitting the window frame. On this stretch mosquito netting—dark green is best—and fasten with tacks to the laths. The same netting over a frame of reeds, or osiers, or wires from an old hoop-skirt, make serviceable cake and butter covers. Bend one hoop into a round of the size wanted, then on this fasten two semi-circular hoops, crossing each other at right angles, in the center above the hoop. This forms the frame, which, if of wire, should be wrapped with worsted; on this the netting is sewed, and a button on top serves as a handle.

BERRY PUDDING.—One pint of milk; two eggs, well beaten; a very little salt; one-fourth teaspoonful of soda; one-half teaspoonful cream tartar; slowly add flour enough to make a thick batter; at the last add one pint of any kind of berries, with flour well sprinkled; boil one hour in a well-battered mould, or, if you have no mould, a floured cloth will do; after the pudding has boiled hard for one hour, remove it from the pot and dip it quickly into cold water, and as quickly turn it out; this will prevent sticking. Serve at once, for it soon becomes heavy.

DYEING MOSSES.—Our lady friends frequently desire to give a lively green color to dried moss or grass. A chemist gives the following cheap recipe for dyeing a beautiful green. For a dark green, take about half a pint of boiling water, into which put an ounce of alum and half an ounce of indigo-Carmine. Dip the grass or moss into this mixture, shake off the liquid, and dry in an airy, shady place, or by the fire in winter. For a lighter green add to the above preparation more or less picric acid.

BLACK ANTS.—At this time of year small black ants are troublesome in some localities. They invade the pantry, cupboard, and refrigerator, wherever there is sugar, preserves, or sweetmeats of any kind. These pests may be kept off by placing sage or tansy leaves on the shelves of the pantry or other places where sweets are kept. A dish containing sweetmeats, sugar, etc., set in a plate of water is also a protection.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS' MUTUAL AUXILIARY.

The object of the above-named feature of our paper is to render pecuniary aid to the families and legal representatives of deceased subscribers of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, or to such other persons as said subscribers shall have designated.

Any individual, deaf and dumb, or otherwise, residing in the United States of America, or in Canada, who is in good health, and who pays in advance one year's subscription to THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL at any time in the year from the first of April to the end of March of each year, may become a member of the Mutual Auxiliary. Each and every person must make application in the form described below, which shall be recommended by an actual subscriber or agent of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Upon the death of a subscriber, certified by the clergyman of the deceased, and three subscribers of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, the present proprietor and the future proprietors of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL shall transmit within thirty days after the expiration of the year the sum of twenty-five cents, from each subscription received for THE JOURNAL, to the heirs and assigns of the deceased. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs and assigns of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum shall accrue to the benefit of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Each subscriber shall receive a certificate of membership from the proprietor of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only persons who are in good health, and pay one year's full subscription to THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, in advance, shall be eligible for membership, and such person or persons shall remain members as long as he or she continues to pay one dollar and fifty cents for the paper, at least one week in advance of the time at which his or her subscription expires. If a subscriber neglects to renew his or her subscription he or she shall be notified, by his or her name erased from the list of subscribers, and he or she shall forfeit all claims upon the Mutual Auxiliary, provided, however, that he or she may be reinstated by the proprietor of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, upon making application and paying all arrears made during the interval between such forfeiture and reinstatement, and twenty-five cents for expenses.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

The undersigned, a resident of—County, State (or Province) of—, being in good health, and not, to his or her knowledge, being seized of any disease likely to prove fatal, desiring to become a member of "OUR SUBSCRIBERS' MUTUAL AUXILIARY," herewith encloses one dollar and fifty cents as his or her subscription to THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, at least one week in advance of the expiration of his or her subscription; or failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the same.

For the benefit of—(Here name of applicant.)

Dated—18—

Certified by—Clergyman of the deceased.

"—"Subscribers of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

"—"MUTUAL AUXILIARY.

LEGAL NOTICES.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a certain mortgage, bearing date the 20th day of February, 1876, made and executed by Patrick Ryan and Johanna, his wife, of the City of Oswego, in the County of Oswego, and State of New York, as mortgagors, to William T. Barnes, of the same place, as mortgagee, in book of mortgages No. 108, at 4 o'clock P. M., of the 4th day of February, 1876, at 4 o'clock P. M.,

And, whereas the amount claimed to be due on the said mortgage, at the date of the first publication of this notice, to wit: June 27, 1878, the full and true sum of Eight hundred and eighty-five (285) dollars and seventeen (17) cents, namely, two hundred and sixty dollars for principal, and twenty-two (22) dollars and seventeen (17) cents for interest, and the said sum is the whole amount of said mortgage both principal and interest remaining unpaid.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, and provided, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, duly recorded therewith, as aforesaid, the premises herein described, to wit: Being the South-east quarter of lot No. fifty-nine (59), military lot No. 6, being the same premises conveyed to Edward LeVeve, as mortgagor, to Henry H. Lyman, as mortgagee, by the subscriber, the mortgage therein, at public auction on the 13th day of September, 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the City of Oswego, in said County of Oswego, corner West First and Bridge streets.

The following is a description of the mortgaged premises, so as aforesaid, to be sold, substantially as they are contained in the said mortgage.

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Oswego, aforesaid, the first ward, described as follows, to wit: Being the South-east quarter of lot No. fifty-nine (59), military lot No. 6, being the same premises conveyed to Edward LeVeve, as mortgagor, to Henry H. Lyman, as mortgagee, by the subscriber, the mortgage therein, at public auction on the 13th day of September, 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the City of Oswego, in said County of Oswego, corner West First and Bridge streets.

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The following is a description of the mortgaged premises to be sold, substantially as they are contained in the said mortgage.

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Oswego, in the Seventh Ward thereof, viz: the north one-half of lot number nineteen (19) of that part of subdivision number 10 of the military lot number seven (7), which lies between Third and Fifth streets, as surveyed by N. J. Harris, October 13th, 1871; said half lot being fifty by one hundred feet, viz: Fifty feet from Third street, and one hundred feet from Gerrit street.

Dated at Oswego, the 12th day of June, 1878. N. W. NUTTING, Attorney for Assignee.

Notice of Sale on Foreclosure of Two Mortgages, on Same Premises, by Advertisement.

Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage, dated March 1874, executed by Eliza Ann Murdock and Robert Murdock, her husband, of the City of Oswego, Oswego county, N. Y., to Thomas O'Keefe, of the same place, which mortgage was duly recorded in the County of Oswego, in book of mortgages No. 230; and which said mortgage was by the said Thomas O'Keefe assigned to Henry H. Lyman, of Oswego city, and who is now the owner and holder thereof.

And, whereas, the amount claimed to be due on the said mortgage at the date of the first publication of this notice, to wit: June 27, 1878, the full and true sum of Eleven hundred and ninety-six (1,196) dollars and fifty-one (51) cents, to wit: \$1,000, principal, and \$196.51, interest, and the said sum of \$1,196.51, is the whole amount claimed to be due on said mortgage.

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